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TIM BOBBIN the SECOND.  
*Born July 27. 1798.*

# PLEBEIAN POLITICS;

OR,  
THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES  
of certain

*Mole-eyed Maniacs,*  
VULGARLY CALLED WARRITES,  
EXPOSED:

*By way of Dialogue betwixt two Lancashire Clowns..*

TOGETHER WITH  
SEVERAL FUGITIVE PIECES.

---

BY  
TIM. BOBBIN, THE SECOND.

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"THEAW KON EKSPEKT NO MOOAR EAWT OV A PIG THIN  
A GRUNT."

*Tom Grunt*



Manchester,  
Printed by W. COWDROY, Gazette-Office,  
Hunters'-Lane.  
Price One Shilling.

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# PREFACE.

TO THE

*Tenants of the Styre in General;*

AND TO THE

SWINE OF LANCASHIRE

*IN PARTICULAR.*

DEAR FORKIES,

The following Dialogue betwixt two of your fraternity, upon the subject of the late Peace, and containing also some severe animadversions upon the shameful inconsistency and verfatility of character, which attaches to the patrons and supporters of the late ruinous War, interested my curiosity so forcibly, that I could not avoid taking the first opportunity of laying it before you; and at the same time, beg leave to congratulate you on the good fortune you have lately experienced, in grunting your approbation of the Measures of Government, on the return of Peace.

I have thought proper to give you this in the Lancashire Idiom, exactly in the manner in which I heard it expressed by Whistle-pig and Tum Grunt: and however either the language or the characters here introduced may have been despised by the Aristocratic and Literary Pride of a

Burke, I do assure you, that the opening of this address is done more out of derision to that Pensioned Apostate, than any contempt for your understanding; for I am perfectly convinced, not only that the provincial dialect of Lancashire contains a rich vein of forcible expression, the venerable and valuable reliques of the ancient Anglo-Saxon and Galic languages, but that the county of Lancaster, as well as every other county in England, may yet contain.

“ Some village Hampden who with dauntless breast,  
Can bay the little tyrant of his cot;  
Tho’ when he sees his country’s wrongs redress’d,  
Can rest contented with his humble lot.”

For the better understanding some of the words and phrases contained in this work, and for the more entertaining my friends, in some remote parts from the county of Lancaster, I have added a small Glossary by way of explanation. If any thing has escaped my notice, which would have made it more pleasing to the public, I hope their candor, and good nature, will excuse any imperfection or inadvertency that may have come from the pen of a country rustic.

T. B.

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## *Plebeian Politics, &c.*

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T. B. I Went ewt t'other mornink, an whooa do'n yoah think I shud see boh Tum Grunt, jußt kom'n eawt o'th' loom-heawse, a hark'nink for th' heawnds, for yoah mun know ot th' sceat booart is to' whot for a weaver's a--e, iv it wur at Kerfsmus; iv th' heawnds kom'n any wheear nee; an in neaw I seed owd Whistle-Pig, kom'nink weh a shoo ov his shilder, gooink a gutterink for owd Sonny o'Sims; I krope o'th' back ov a bush, ot tēy kud'n no see meh.

Owd Whistle-Pig sed, "Good-morro, Tum; heaw dost doo neaw this Peeos is made? dost get pörritch enoo?"

Tum. Theaw grete flopper meawtht Gob-flotch, whot has teaw fund eawt; bekose ot teaw gets kept at other fokes tables, theaw thinks ot teaw's a reet fort' mey gam ov any body; boh iv t' must a had theh mete a whom, theaw'd happen a livt no better thin wee'n don at eawr heawse.

WH. Neaw Tum I'd na' ha' thebt' be so krofs, for I thout te no hurt; boh I kon tell theh won think, ween fund awtrekashon at other foke's heawfes, this last two year; for wheear I wur uft hav a pint o'drink booath cends o'th, day, it would hardly be a jill, an e som pleks noan at O, an when ot e koomt' ha' meh mete awhom ov a Sunday, I'd az little okashon for meh teeth oz tee or any mon els.

TUM. Wha, I kon beleeve theh, Whistle Pig, boh, won think I kon sey, an sey true, ot wee'n had monny a thin day at eawr heawfe, for wee'n bin beh deys t'gether, an had nout for t' live on boh a little howd-te-beh-th' woes, mede ov a bit o'mele, an faut an wetur, like gruel; poor foke han had a pewer o shifts, for t' get howd ov a bit o summot when they'rn welly klemt to th' decoth. Won ov eawr nebors ot had a heawfe full o' little childer, set som weter-o'er th' foyar, won mornink, for t' mey som thick porritch on, an sent a lad for a quartern o' mele, an when th' shop keeper fund ot hee'd no munny, hee must ha' none; so when th' lad coom whoam, theh'rn fooarst ta' th' wetur off th' foyar, an four little childer, under six year owd, kry'dn oz iv the'r harts wud'n ha baws'n.

WH. Both I'll tell theh whot Tum, owd Dik o' Jonny o' Noggs, e Saddleworth, had a better shift thin o' tha'n, for som time abeawt latter eend o' th' last Febrüary, after him an th' wife an four lods had'n liv't a whole dey o'nout boh

abcawt a quart o' nettle porrich an a bit ov a krust o' breawn George: he geet up th' mornink after, an sed to th' wife, " I'll tell theh whot, Nan, I'm very wammo this mornink, an I con-na stond for t' weave meh bit o' th' peeße cawt beawt summot t' eat, an wee'n nouute th' heawie; boh I've a kratchin kom'n int' meh yed, ot iv it awfners, we kon toar on till I woven me wough an peeße cawt : " " Eigh ! " says Nan, " An whot is it ? " " Wha, " says he, " ween send eawr Ned to Jones' o' Robin's o' Sim's o' Will's, for a quartern o' mele; an tell 'im eawer kafe; an t'other three lads shan gooa with 'im, an stond abeawt hawv a quarter ov a mile, one behind another (for theaw knows, ot th' shop is abeawt hawv a mile off) an iv eawer Ned speeds, hee'ft set up a sheawt to eawer Will, an Tum an Dick shan sheawt to one another, an theaw'ft stond at th' Fout-yate, an theaw mey ha' th' porritch on in a krak. "

TUM. Bith' wuns Whistle-pig, ov o' th' scheearns ot won has hyerd on (an won has hyerd o monny a won) this sheads O ! won has hyerd ov a kontrivance ot tey had'n e France, fort' carry nuse a grete wey in a little time, or tey kod'n a Telegraff : ... Mafs ! Whistle-pig, this shall be kode th' Saddleworth sheawtink Telegraff !

WH. God a massey Tum ! theaw's kerfunt it efceath ; boh, as I're tellink theh, they sent'n th' lads off, an they stood'n oz they'rn ordert ; so Ned went into th' shop, and sed, " I'm kom'n

fort see iv yoah'n le' meh have a quartern o' mele  
 for wee'n had nout t' eat sun yestur mornink,  
 boh abeawt a quart o' nettle porrich an a breawn  
 George krust; an wee'n nout eth' heawse."...  
 "Hark the' meh, Ned," says th' shopkeeper,  
 "Wheear did teaw leet o' theh nettles ot t'is time  
 o' th' year, for there's none heearabeawt?"  
 "Wha," says Ned, "I went deawn into th'  
 Weturheawfes, an leet o' som ot back o' Jim  
 Tealier's, ot th' war-offis, in a warm plek ot side  
 o' Joe o' th' Ho Meddow: an oz I're gooink for,  
 tell yoah, meh fether has nout boh a wough an  
 a peeße fort' weave, an hee'l goah deawn to  
 Mossley, an tak it with im, an ther' will de oathur  
 munny or papper, an hee'l pey yoah oathur kneet  
 or i'th' mornink. an a kreawn toart th' owd ot  
 we ow'n yoah." "Good lad," sed th' shopkee-  
 per, "theaw tells a good tele enough, iv 'l do  
 oz t' feys, theawst ha' t."---So Ned, cawt o' th'  
 shop oz fast oz hee kud, an feet up a sheawt to  
 Will; an Will to Tum; an Tum to Dick; an  
 Dick to Owd Nan, at Fout-yate; an beh this  
 shift hoo geet th' porrich on oz soon oz Ned had  
 getten th' mele int' his poke; for owd Dick o'  
 Jonny o' Noggs sweer, ot no time shud be lost,  
 for hee kud goah to no wark 'till hee'd sommot  
 t' eat; beh this kontrivance theh geet'n reawnd  
 th' porritch dish beh won kud sey trapstick, after  
 Ned koom into th' heawse wi' th' mele.

TUM. Egad! Whistle-pig, a gud kontriv-  
 vance ov a poor kontrivance; boh monny a  
 skore han bin Klemt to th' deaath:---mopar's

th' pity !---Tho' I reefun fort' believe ot tey'rn better off thin a meeny ot wurn laft whik :--- Boh they'rn as fhure kilt olung o' th' war oz iv they'dn bin kilt i'th' war ; for they'rn kilt beh fammin---an some foke think'n ot th' war wur th' kaws on't.

WH. Think'n ! boh the' mey be fhure, or elze ther' wud no ho bin this awtrekafhon i'th' prife o' provifhions beh neaw :---Boh I'll tell the' whot, I bin ta'en to th' dur monny a toime, when I hyerd some grete letherhyeds, abeawt three or four yeer fin, ot kud'n hardly get the'r guts full o' mete, vindikatink this war ; an iv won had fed out agen it, they'rn ready fort' hit won a flap i'th' fefe.

TUM. Wha, ther' is fom foke ot won wud think th'er hoyd wud never fmart, chuz heaw the'r'n flogt ; or elze that foo ov a Dutch-loom-weaver, i' th' Owdum-ftreet, wud ne'er ha gotten up beh four o'clock in a mornink, th' laft fummer, an wortcht till ftone dark at neet, fort keep a wife an a parfel o' childer, an oytech neaw and then be yeawlink eawt, an finging, " Britons neyer fhall be Slaves !"

WH. Wha, a grete meeny foos ne'er think'n for the'r fel boh let'n other foke think' for 'em ; for iv Billy Pit an his krew had'n fed ot four an five wur'n ten, they'n ha fed fo too : Boh it wud fet forty foke o' feightink fort kno, whot tey began'n this War abeawt.

TUM. Wha, they'n had skufes enoo at won time or another within this last nine year, an that I'll let te kno' afore e' dun:---Boh it wud welly make a mon t' stand o th' rang eend, fort' see whot shifts Billy Pit an his gang had'n fort' get into this kufst war ot ween had ; boh iv anny body 'll reed th' tenth number o' th' History o' this War, printut by Sowler and Ruffel (an h may borro it o' Jim Street, ith' Shugar-lone) ; or Erskine's pamphlet, titl't, th' Kaws an th' Konsequense o' th' present War weh France," he may see, iv he will see, whoa wur i' th' fort ; for Shauvlin sed enough to Grenville, heaw ot the French Nafhion wish'nt fort' be ot Peeofs weh Ingland ; an oz we profess'nt fort' be a free Nafhion, they little thought'n ot we shoud'n fet agen'em gettink the'r freedum ; Shauvlin sed mooro'er to Grenville ot it wur th' wish o' th' French Nafhion, ot eawer King shud use th' best meons ot hee kud, we these peawers at war, fort' bring abeawt a Peeofs, an stop any more blud beink shed ; an mooro'er sed, they'dn so mitch konfidenfe i eawer King, ot they'dn leeov it to him fort' settle it heaw it must be, or summot to that sense ;---Grenville then made awnser, and sed, " his Britannik Majesty kud not interfere, witheawt o' th' Peawers at War ax'nt him."

WH. Neaw, beh meh Troth Tum, I never hyerd such a senseless, ill kontriv't awnser, e meh live ; for theaw knoes, ot iv they must'n o on'em ax him fort' interfere, they must'n fartinly be o on'em toyart ; an iv so, they mit'n oz weel a gan

o'er o the'r sel beawt fumbody kummink o perfwadink 'em; it's juſt like oz iv thee and me, an another or two, mit'n beh feightink pell-mell, o ov a rook till weer'n o on us toyart, and feed'n a mon ſtandink a bit off, an ot wee muſt'n ko eawt to him, an ſey, "Run the wey to th' warkheawſe, az faſt-oz't kon, an fotch George o' Sidebotham, ot he may kom and mak us give o'erfeightink' for we konna give o'er ov our ſels, tho' we'er o on us toyart, witheawt he'll kome and perfwade us."

TUM. Wha, Whiſtle-pig, theaw's made a pretty good remark; boh, heawev'r, the' mede'n ſhiſt fort' get into th' War; an th' furſt ſkuſe ot tey mede'n wur, ot tey'dn ſet a King uppo th' throne o' France; boh the'n ſone feawly ſhort o' that:---The'dn had two Kings at a time, 'er ſin I're born, an lung afore; boh neaw the'n none; for theaw knoes ot eawr King kode his ſel th' King o' France; boh neaw, hee's ta'en th' ſturdy, and has thrut in beink th' King of France: So its like ot tey mun oather ha' two Kings, or none ot O.

WH. Wha, witheawt ot tey kon keep 'em for leſs e France, thin the dun e' ſum pleks, the'dn better be beawt oather two or won.

TUM. When the' kud'n na ſet on a King, then the' ſed'n it wur for' droyve Jakkobin prinſiples ewt o' th' kuntry; boh eſtead o' dooink that, the'n driven 'em fur in; for wheear ther' wur won then, theear's TEN neaw. Burk ſed, ther'

wur eighty theawzunt Jakkobins, ot chuz whot labber wur mede on 'em nobody kud mend em ; boh I think ot Billy Pit an his gang han mede eight hundert theawfunt, sin that time ; and tho' the' 're a grete deeol on 'em ballybreant Jakkobins, mooaft on 'em win né'er go back ogen ; the'n bitten so mitch o' th' seawer side o' th' appo.

WH. Boh whot duft' think Burk wud sey *neaw*, iv hee're *whik* ? For o' this loyal tribe ar' oather Jakkobins or hippokrites:

TUM. Wha, it's *fifteen hundert* to *won*, boh hee'd ha kode it a glorious Peeofs ; an ha' leet up his Kandles as weel oz anny on 'em; iv it shuted th' bigger part o' th' ferm.

WH. Boh, Tum, will teaw tell meh won think ; I kon remember e owd King George time ot Jakkobites wur'n bekode, like oz Jakkobins ar' neaw ; kon theaw tell meh whot difference ther' is between a Jakkobite an 'a Jakkobin ?

TUM. Wha, a Jakkobite is won, ot's O for bakkink a tyrant an arbitrary peawer ; an a Jakkobin's quite t'other wey on ; hee's O for keepink 'im deawn, an wud hav' 'im t' rule wi' modera-shun. E owd King George time ot teaw tells on th' Jakkobites an th' Kooart party wur'n bekoink won anothur oz ill oz theeves ; but sume foke think'n ot neaw o' deys the'n mede it up, like Hyerod and Ponsfus Pilot, for the' seem'm fort' be friends.

WH. I tell thee whot Tum, huz Jakkobin's han bin bekode weh thees Warhawk's, monyoah time; boah let 'em bluth an put the'r hveod in a poke, at whot t'at little ftey-makker did e Stopport; for o'th' 17th ov August, e 99, when th' grete flood wur, ther' wur sum foak in a kotton faktory, e Stopport, et wur'n gooink for t' be dreawnt i'th' billdink, an this mon, ot wur kode nout boah a Jakkobin, ordthurt a raft o' planks, an fast th' life o' monyoah pooar kreture, at th' risk ov his own; an a rook a foos ot wurn brout up e nout boah ignorance, stood'n by, an fed'n, "it wur a theawrant pittys ot sitch a mon wur a Jakkobin."

TUM. Theaw mey fee beh this, whot prejudis koms fro an ignorant bringink up.

WH. Mas! Tum, I think e meh konfhonse, ot t'is Heaven-born Tinker, ot has bin nine year e mendink cawr Nashonal kettle, has laft it wur thin hee fund it; for hee 's mede pitifoo wark on't, oz far oz hee has gon.

TUM. Whah, boah the' sen ot t'is Tinker lost his hyeorink, i' th' beginink o' th' ycor ninety-three, on went stark stone deef; an very likely ther' mit be summot in't; for Charley Foks bawlt cawt, boath lung enough, an leawd enough, for 'im t' hyeor, iv 'e kud a hycard; heaw ot iv he went on oz e did, he'd sothur up th' speawt o' this Nashonal kettle, ot thud peawer out peecofs.

an plenty. amung us: Boah he took no notis whot Charley sed, an that wur th' eend on't, for wee'd'n nout boah war an poverty o th' lattur eend o' th' time ot he'd out do weet.

WH. Ods zeawns, Tum! boah iv it wur naw th' will deef ot he'r trub'lt weh, iv they'd'n sent for wone o' Jones's bottles, fowd at Tummy Kowdry's, at No. 45, i' th' Owdom-street, Moncheſter, it wud hah kewort 'im, iv he had naw bin blint, an deef, an dum, an th' Devil in 'im; for they ſen it has dun wunthors.

TUM. Whah, its thout be th' wyzor eend o' foak, ot he has bin trub'lt weh three, cawt o' four, o' thees diſorthors, ot theaw tel's on; an it's a pitty ot he'd ony mooar uſe ov his tung, thin he had ov hiſceors, for he's dun nout boah miſcheef weet, this eight or nine year o' my knolege.

WH. Whah it's twenty to won, when o's konſithort, ot it wur th' will deef ot he mede uſe on for t' deſerve us by; for theaw's hyeard 'em ſey, "ot teeors none ſo deef oz toos ot winnow hyeor."

TUM. Whah, won think's like anothur, weh this quevokatink Tinkor; boah he's bin put to his ſhifts monycah time ſin th' war begun: For I remembor, ot when thoos State Prizners wur'n try'd for Hee Treeco'n, he wur kode up for t' witnes ſummot ot he'd ſed ſem time before, ot

men thout wud be i' th' favor o' thoos priznors ;  
 boah he'r resolvt to forget, an tow'd 'em ot he  
 " kud naw remembor nout abeawt it," tho' ther'  
 wur foak by ot same time ot knew he'r lyink, fo  
 it wur proovt at tat time, ot he kud remembor  
 to forget, an forget to remembor :--It plene spe-  
 kink, he kud othur be deef, or oz good oz dum,  
 when he shud doo ony good,

WH. Whah, I went o' threfhink tother dey,  
 to owd Sonny o' Sims, an he sed, " he'd fund it  
 i' th' news," for he awhos took it in o' th' war,  
 " ot when this war-lovink Tinkor op'nt his But-  
 chet, o'th 21 o' December, 1796, ther' wur  
 ordthurt, for keeping a pafel o' French runagates,  
 ot wurn'n komn to this kuntry, ot te kode'n  
 Tlergy and Lacty, - - - £540,000  
 And o' th' 21 o' Novembor afthur,  
 ther' wur ordthurt for th' same  
 pios purpos, - - - 168,000  
 An he sed, " when this Tinkor un-  
 buk'lt his Butchet, e 1799, ther'  
 wur ordthurt for keepink sum  
 American runagates, kode Loyal-  
 ists, - - - 7,574  
 An for keepink sum French Pas'ns,  
 and othur runagates, - 242,799  
 An sum eksponses abeawt an " Alean  
 Bill," oz te kode'n it, boah the'  
 mit'n a oz weell a kode it a *need-*  
*less Bill.* - - - 6,30



Grooms o' th' King's Bed-chambor, an too hunt-hurt a year to a womon ot te kone a Nessafary Womon ;" whot theh dun for the'r munney, th' Lord ov Oksfort knoes, for I dun naw.

TUM. Eigh, boh theaw's naw hyerd O yet. Another shute o' this Heav'n-born Tinkor's krew, wur ot th' war wur fort' presarve Religion and Soshul Ordur ; boh I think e meh konshense, ot tere's less o' bo oath thin ther' wur when the' start'nt ; for heaw thud it mis, when the'n drum't an ekforsit foke O th' Sundy, o'er heaw fort' kill the'r fello-kreturs ; ods fieth, mon ! th' Kris-tian Religion teaches no sitch wark. I wur goo-ing by a Parish Church, not a hundred mile cawt o' Cheshur, won Sundy, abeawt two o'clock, an I met two Pa's'ns weh grete geawns on, whewink i' th' wind, an as black oz iv ther'n just kom'n fro' sweepink owd Noll's kitchen chimney ; an derekty after em I met three foos, pelink uppo three war-tubs ; an two fifers, weh a passil o' Sossashon men, oz tey kone 'em ; an a Justis o' Peeos' waukink ot side on 'em ; an thees two sabbie fiints, ot wud'n be thout fort' bee th' sarvants o' th' Prinse o' Peeos', wur'n leedink thees sarvants o' th' Prinse o' War, up to th' Church dur, to the'r devoishon ; an a grete gazing rabblement wur'n lookink on, an despisink religeon e sitch a shape oz tat, an derekty went'n a brid-nee-zink, an pleyink at hop-skip-an-lip.---An this wur Religeon.

WH. I'll tell the' whot, Tum, I think ot tis

fammin, ot wee'n had, has bin a very poor prop to religeon; for I hyerd ot a fello i' th' Wood-heawfes went cawt won Sundy, i' th' forenoon, and kode at a heawfe, an fund th' wife thrung moppink th' flooar: Hoo sed, "tey'dn woven till welly midneet, o' th' o'er neet, fort get cawt som wark, an hoo wur like't' doo oz hoo kud." Hee went to another heawfe, and fund a fello twinink in his peeple, for he sed, hee knew whot he had fort' doo th' nekst week, an he must hav it reddy fort' start on o'th Mundy mornink." He went to th' nekst heawfe, an fund a wummon bakeink a batch o' oat-kakes; hoo sed, "the'd'n getten cawt som wark o' th' Setterdy, an they'dn welly klemmt O dey, an as tey kud'n na boyh th' mele till th' Setterdy-neet, hoo're like t' bake it o' th' Sundy." He kode ot another heawfe, an fund a wummon mendink hur steys; hoo sed, hoo're foerst t' doo a that'n, for hoo'd no time o' th' warty;" hoo sed fur, "ot t'is war fammin had mede 'em ot tey'd'n noather time, nor klooas, fort' gooa t' noather church nor chappel in, oz tey'rn uft fort' doo!" So mitch for th' war proppink religeon.

TUM. Neaw Whistlepig, I understond, ot eawr kooart faints, han ordthurt a Thanksgivink dey, an wee mun o on us gooa to th' church, an gooa deawn av 'ur knees, an thank God ot weed'n so mitch sence oz fort' give o'er feightink. Boah I'll tell thee whot tis ~~like~~ is like, it's just like oz iv a mon ot wud naw be perswaded, boah wud lecap in t' a pit, an when hee'r in, hee

flaſkart abeawt an geet eawt aghen oz weel oz hee kud, an then went deawn ov his knees an thank't God ot hee wur naw dreawnt. Boah I tell they whot Whistlepig, I're lookink i'th' newspaper tother day, an I fund a Protlamaſhon for this Thankſgivink dey, an I find, ot tey'n awthurt the'r tone meetyly fro a Protlamaſhon for a Faſt, for then they kod'n it "juſt an neceſſary." Boah neaw they kone it a "Bluddy, ekſtendot, an ekſpenſive war:" Had'n they kode it *unjuſt an unneceſſary*, they'd'n a mede it parfektly komplete. I bin lookink for this Thankſgivink Dey a good while, boah I thout they'dn forget'n it; I'd a noſhon t' think ot te ſhud'n be O ov a pees, for they'n had neaw an then a Faſt Dey.

WH. Neaw an' then! Whot duſt tawk on mon, they'n had Faſt afthur Faſt, for nine year t'gethur; boah I ne'er ſeed ot it did any good. they'n had it e Lent, an they'n had it eawt; an they'n had it o' th' Friday, an ſhiftot it to th' Wed'nſday; an they'n try'd the'r Maker o weys. for t' hah brout 'imint' partnorſhip weh em; boah he took no notis on 'em ſo oz for t' awnſor the'r eend; for he's laſt 'em i' th' durt at laſt.

TUM. Marry! wur naw eawar Faſt like that ot owd Ezeah tells on, in his 58th chapter; for he tells uz ov a ſet o' hippokrites e his dey, ot wud'n need faſt; boah he ſed, it wur for nout boah ſtrife an debate, an for t' hit foak weh th' fiſt o wikedneſs, an it's weel iv eawars han bin any betthur; boah Ezeah tells 'em whot fort ov a faſt

the'r maker wud look weel on ; and iv any be'ing 'il look at th' fourth, fifth, sixth, an th' seventh versus o' that chaptor, the' mey see whot sort ov a fast 'il doo, an then let em judge whethur wee'n follot that rewl.

Wm. Whah I know ot owd Ezeah fcs, iv we mun ekspekt any benefit fro a fast, wee mun tak off every burden, oprression, an yoak, and g'e summot t' etc, to thoos ot ar hungry, an don sumtloos up 'o thoofe ot ar naket, an sitch like.--- Boah we mey sey weh eawar Church konfession ot eawer war-hawks han laft O thees things undun ot tey shud'n hah dun, an dun thoos things ot tey shud'n not hah dun ; an heaw kud'n the ekspekt any benefit fro' a fast.

Tum. Neaw, Whistle-pig, wee'n tak a pcep at soshal ordur :---Let's look at Gales an Montgomery, at Sheffilt ; Faukner an Birch, an Kowdry, at Manchester ; som on 'em put e prison, sum driv'n the'r kuntry, others the'r windows brokk'n an the'r property distroid, an O for printink unawnferable truths. Neaw, lets gooah to Brimncjam, an see heaw the' use'nt Doctur Preefly, as pecosable a mon oz ever liv't ; his heawse brunt, and his-fell an his family ruint ; an O bekose he kud na think an akt weh a kooart rabble. Neaw lets gooah to Brighton, an see whot wur don to Docktur Noks, beh a pasil o' sojurs i' th' pley-heawse ; they'd'n like t' ha' kilt him, for preachink a fermont th' Sundy before, fro' these words, " Glory to God in the

highest, and on Earth Peace and Good Will towards Men."----So at tat time the'rn killink two brids weh one stone, theaw knoes, for the rn poo-ink deawn booath Religeon an Sothal Ordur at wunst.---An neaw lets gooah to Norwitch, an see heaw the' us'nt Measter Thelwell; he narroly koom off weh his life, for no othur krime thin lekturink uppo' th' Liberties an Freedum ov O Monkind. An ogen, le meh naw forget Measter Tummus Wauker, o' Manchester, a mon persekutet an profekutet to his utter ruin, uppo th' evidentse ov a for-sworn skeawndril, for no othur krime, thin beink a knone Frend to Liberty; indeed, that perjurt raggamuffin, Dunn, wur seeminkly hoyart beh sum o' th' black gang, for no othur purpose thin for t' tak away th' life o' this grete Champion ov English Freedum.----Affen, agen, Hardy, Horne Took, an Thelwell, tri'd for Hee Treason, an nout fund agen 'em; beside Gilbert Wakefild, Printur Williams, an Kneet o' Saddleworth, an a meeny other foke ot suffert'nt impris'nment, on sum on 'em decooth, for beeink true lovvers o' Rashonal Libberty; an O this wur dun an suffert for th' sake o' whot Billy an his gang kode'n Sothal Ordur.

WII. This war has mede konthumed wark, tak it won eend weh another; boh, I'll tell the' whot e sey to the' Tum, oz far oz I kon see weed'n no arnt fort' meddle wi' theese French: Whot okkashon had'n wee fort' gooa t' war wi' 'em for hom kuttink off the'r King's hyed? Breawns,

mon ! when eawer foke dubb'nt owd Charls shourtur beh th' hyed, the' ne'er kom'n heear, tho' eawer Queen wur th' King o' France's sistur.---- Owd Solomon sed, " Ot toos ot pas'nt bye an meddl't'nt wi' strife, ot did naw belong 'em, wur like takkink a dog beh th' eeors;" an I think ot eawer kefe is mitchwhot th' same :---Boh I rethur think ot eawer Billy, an th' rest o' th' gang ot wur'n e partnership wi' him, had'n thout t' ha' likt the'r fingurs cawt o' th' pye ; boh it proov't so hee sceoz'nt, an so plaguy whot, ot tey geet'n konfoundedly skaud'n.

TUM. I think ot weed'n oz little reawm fort' meddle oz anny Foke e Yourope, abeawt killink Kings ; for ween hyeddet three Queens, an won King, an driven another his huntry ; beside two Neds, an won Dick, ot hardly deed'n E Godfnum ; an won ov eawar King Harry's, koom off naw mitch betthur, for a pasel o' Munks, strip'nt 'im naket, an made'n'm gooah barfut, a matthur o' three mile ; an whip'nt 'im weh rods, ov his bare bak, till blud dro'pt at his heels, o th' wey up to Beket's tomb ; an ther' made'n 'im do pen-nanse ; an o this wur dun bekofo he feel cawt weh a kompany o' Pas'ns:---An iv anny Nashon e Yourope has mede wur wark thin wee'n dun, they's'n tak't 'em.

WH. There has bin a grete deeol o' bother weh thees war-hawks ov eawars, abeawt kuttink off th' French King's hyeod ; boah iv anny boddy will reed th' owd book, they'n find ot Kings

went'n to th' lob, e mooar plecks thin France, for I're lookink int' tother neet, and I popt up o'th eight chaptor o'th sekond o' Kings, an I fund ot won chap took a weet tlewt, an brad it o'th top ov a King's faze as he lee ill e bed an smothort 'im to th' deecho; an 'ith nekst chaptor aftar, I fund ot Jehu kilt too Kings of a dey; an th' fourth chaptor o'th sekond o' Samol, I fund ot too fellos kutt'nt off a King's hyeod, an brout'n it to David, an he fund a deeol 'o fort weh 'em, boh it wur soon knone whot that wur for, it wur bekofo ot they'n made him King, an he'r feeord ov his own knob gooink. Then I began o' riflink abeawt i'th owd book, an I fund i'th fifteenth chaptor o'th furt o' Samol, ot owd Sammy ov Elkanos, took an aks an hyew'd a King e peefes, just oz iv he'd bin tleevink wood, for sum owd womon for t' bake wut kakes weh: an it feys, "he did it before the Lord," so its like he stood by an leete 'im do it quietly, for I hyeord nout sed aghen it. I kept creepink bakort ith owd book, an I fund i'th ninth chaptor o' Juges, ot a womon geet o'th top ov a hee bildink, an ot hoo th'rut a pees ov a mill-stone o'th top ov a King's hyeod, an knokt eawt whot loyt breans he had. Then I lookt ith third chaptor of Juges, an it sez, ot keneav't Ehud went an stabt a grete fat baws'n King, so at he lost his dagger in his guts, an then took a keigh an lokt im up in a reawm an laft 'im. Then I took a peep into th' book o' Josho, an he play'd for up e feath, for th' tenth chaptor sez ot he kilt five Kings ov a dey, an kept

en kilink 'em 'till he'd kilt won an thirty; th' twelvth chapter fez so.

TUM. "Whoo who, whoo who, whoo," boah iv Billy Pitt an kompany had'n bin alive at tat time, that Grand Regifide, owd Josho wud hah ston a pooar chonse I deawt; beside, o Asho wud hah bin ov a blaze weh war, az yurope has bin, this eight or nine year, abeawt kilink won King, mitch mooar thirty an won. Boh this war ov eawars, wud hah bin ore monyoah year fun, iv the' had'n naw shakt a purs, weh millions o' money in it, to a decol o'th' nashons e yurope, for t' keep it a gate. Boah its weel, ot tis war cendot oz it did, for iv th' French had'n lost the'r cend, ther' wud a bin no livink e this kuntry weh any quietness; boah I'll sey no mooar on 'em.

WH. Theaw's towld ov a peawer o' shifts an skuses ot Billy Pitt an his gang had'n fort' get into this war an fort' karry it on:---Boh, dus tcaw think ot tey had'n not a fur cend in't thin anny they'n menshunt yet;---some foke think'n ot it wur mede up amung th' whul gang, fort' part France amung 'em, oz wur dune e Powlond, or elze som o'th' prinsepil chaps i'th' ferm fort' a had oytech on 'em a loyt provinces, an ha mede Lewis King o'th' rest; an beh that shift theaw knoes they'd'n ha klipt his wings for th' time t' come.

TUM. Wha, boh they'dn moor skuses thin I

towd te on yet: Won o' this gang o' kooart  
 faints said, ot tey kud'n naw give o'er feightink  
 till weed'n "Indemnity for th' past, and sekurity  
 for th' futur: "---Neaw i' th' name o' konshonse,  
 whot han the' gett'n toart indemnity for spendink  
 two hundert an fifty million o' munny, an throw-  
 ink away three hundert theawfant mens' lives?  
 dun they think ot too ilonds ar' a rekompense for  
 O th' blud an treshure ot has bin spilt an spent?  
 Beh th' wuns I'd oz leef a had Duck'nfil! Ho, an  
 Sheply Ho, gan meh; beside theese ilonds ne'er  
 belong'nt to France; Boanipeeter wud naw let  
 us ha nout ot belongt to France:---Theese two  
 ilonds belong'n't to th' Dutch, an th' Spanniarts,  
 ot wur two of eawer allyes at th' beginnink o'  
 th' war!! Odds breawns, I'd oather ha had  
 summot ot belong't to France, or I'd ha had  
 nout; for witheawt trade had prospert better, I  
 kud ne'er for shawm ha ta'en ought eawt o' th'  
 ferm. So mitch for indemnity.

TUM. An as for sekurity, whot sekurity han  
 the' gotten, boh whot the' mit'n ha had monny  
 a year sin; they ever sed'n ot tere wur nobody  
 fort' mey peecols wi', bekoise ot th' French had'n  
 no King; boh that wur nout but an idle ikuse  
 fort' karry on the'r darlink war, for the' kud'n  
 find sumboddy fort' feight wi:---Odds blid, I'd  
 ha bin like th' King o' Prusho, he mede peecols  
 monny a year sin, an it has ston'n wi him;---  
 beside the'n had chonfes enoo, sum years sin,  
 when Lord Mumbleberry went to Paris; an agen,  
 when the' sent'n him to Lisle e Flanders; an

agen, th' last year, when Bonnipeceter sent o'er, the' mit'n ha mede a farrantlier pecofs thin the han mede neaw; an beh that theaw may party geawse whot fort o' sekurity the'n gett'n for us: Boh, indeed I believe sum o' th' wizer eend o' foke think'n ot tis pecofs 'l stond lungur mede wi' Bonnipeceter thin it wud, mede wi' a King o' France, for wee'n had nout boh pleague wi' thoofe Lewises lung t'gethur.

WH. Wha, it's oz gud a Pecoofs as kud be ekspektot, for ther' wur oz little onnisty at furst, oz ther' wur onnor at th' last:---Boh I understond ot th' Bishup o' Lunnon kares nout abeawt onnor, for he says, " he thinks ot wee're kom'n pratty weel off, ot wee'n gett'n shut o' nine year o' war, an two year o' fammin.

TUM. Wha he speek like a Kristion; boh they sen ot th' Bishup o' Rochester, an Measter Windy, krak'n the'r brenes meetily abeawt it, ot tey'n mede no better a job on't.

WH. Wha, ther' is here an t'ere a windy foo i' th' kuntry, ot tis fammin has naw right th' bothum o' the'r guts yet; won 'on 'em, ot lives e th' Woodheawfes, says, " ot tis Pecoofs is naw fit t' be kode a Pecois," an ot hee thinks, " it wud naw stond lung iv France wur fort kontinue," boh, he says, " hee ekspekts it'l be swallot up wi' an erthquake, ere lung, th' French ar' io D---mt nout." Another o' Mr. Windy's foos, ot lives at Kutler Hill, is so plaguily off weh Jak-

kobins an a Jakkobin Peeofs, ot hee fays, “ no Jakkobin shud pis uppo’ his efsmiddink for under hawve a kreawn.

TUM. Bi th’ maskins, Whistle-pig ! boh that wud be deer turnink won’s tap, fort’ gi’ hawve a kreawn for leeov t’ pis ov a foo’s efsmiddink ; afore I’d do so, I’d pis e meh shune, an karry th’ lant whom wimmeh, for owd Hollont t’ boyl his hats in.

WH. Wha, Tum, theaw’s deskribt ’em pratty weel ; boh won think I ta’en notis on, ot tees war-lovink sperrits, chuz heaw just an neseffary the’ kod’n this war, they’dn doo oz little toart it oz tey kud’n help, for they’dn as soon ha kilt a dog for fecar o peyink th’ Dog-tax, oz anny Jakkobin e th’ kuntry :---An when Saddle Hawfes koomn fort’ be takft, ther’ wur won loyal mon ot fwapt his faddle away for a sek, for fecar a peink th’ Hawse-taks, wi’ a loyal arch-jockey at Stopport Moor ; an he saddlet a cush wi’ it, an rid on’t to Stopport Market : theaw knoos that wur naw ridink a faddle hawse.---An as for th’ tother mon, he thrut th’ sek uppvov a tit, an rid abeawt whither hee’d a mind ; an so th’ forther mon kode his a Saddle Kush ; an th’ latter mon kode his a Sek Hawse ; an a that’n the’r’n ridink throo Billy Pit an his Akts o’ Parlyment e oytech eend.

TUM. Wha, Whistle-pig, iv no munny must ha bin reist boh whot had bin laft to th’ opshun o’ thoose loyal grunTERS, ot wur’n so reddy fort’

promise ther' lives an fortunes, th' war wud ha bin o'er monny a year sin. Boh they winna pey thoofe Tak'es ot ar' mede lawfo beh Akt o' Parlyment, iv the' kon anny wey kleep cawt; for I knew a verry loyal gentlemon o' th' Kok an Barril, ot did naw liva hundert mile fro Ashton, ot brew'd a jorum o' maut, an wortcht it in a chambur. where th Gager ne'er koom; an when it wur red dy fort' tun, he fet sum klumfy seawterhyed a tunnink it ot shed sum o' th' likkor, an it ran thro' th' chamber-flooar, an it happ'nt fort' be o'er a gatewey entry, an th' Gager wur unlukkily gooink throo, at same time, an it peawart deawn ov his hat; he doft it off, an dipt his fingurs i' th' likkor, an flak't em throo his meawth oz an owd wummen duz, when hoo's bin stroakink th' reeam pot. "Wuns," sed hee, "ther's sum rogory gooink forrod heear." Hee went up th' stairs, an katcht 'em i' th' fakt, an ther' wur the hangment t' be dun abeawt it; boh for that time I beleeve ot t'is ring-spiggot lump o' loyalty koom owey bith weepink kross feawly.

Wn. Ho, I remembur summot abeawt it, for I're at a smithy e krikkety abeawt tat time, an ther' wur two loyal bucks tawkink abeawt it, an makkink the'r gam on't, an ther wur an owd mon by, ot tey kode'n a Painite at tat time, an hee sed "eigh, eigh, I hyerd on't, what wud'n yoah ha sed iv anny Painite had bin katcht e sitch a nipe; I hyeor, yoah'r for dissonink him, and throink him to th' Painite rook, boh wee'n ha non on him, for iv ever yoah'n don with 'em, ot

tey're too bad for yoah, I'm shure, they're fit for nout boh th' mukmiddink."

TUM. Zuns, mon ! boh I seen th' dey when won wur likker t' ha' bin breant wi' thoofe foos for seyink hawve oz mitch oz so; heaw did e kum off wi' em ?

WH. Wha, theaw fees hee'r an owd mon, an the' kud naw for shawm meddle wi' him, an so they put'n't it off with a fort ov a fire.

TUM. Boh abeawt t'is peeofs, Whistle-pig, has teaw ever hyerd anny greathly akkeawnt, heaw or when it koom int' the'r hyeds fort' mak it oz tey han dun.

WH. Wha, I find ot tey'n bin ekforsizink the'r breans o th' last summer abeawt it, an went'n bakkart an forrod between Lunnon an Paris oz mitch length o' gate (oz foke fed'n) oz wud a bin three times reawnd th' globe; boh it koom eawt at last oz unekspektot oz a krak o' thunner ov a fine dey: They fed'n ot Johnny Bull whimpert an kry'd welly O September; an sed to Bonnipeter, " Yoah'n le' mee ha nout oz yoah go'n on; I'm shure I lede eawt a peawer o' munny, for I dubble't th' Nafhonal Debt, beside throwink three hundred theawfant men's lives away, an I think I shud ha summot: Iv yoah'n le' meh have a shugar butter-kake, weh a bit o' nutmeg gratturt on it, I'll give up O ot I set eawt for at

furst." "Wha," fed Bonnipeeter, "Theaw axes e'en little enough konfidurink trubble ot teaw's bin at, I'll fend it tey." An akordinkly hee sent it him o' th' furst ov Oktober at aftur dark, an Jonny lede it up till mornink; an as soon oz it wur leet, he shode it to O th' family; an ther' wur sitch wark oz ne'er wur seen; the'r'n so fene; th' owd bulls an th' yung bulls, an th' grete bulls an th' little bulls, O frisk'nt an kapert'nt abeawt, an wag'n't the'r teles like oz monny little dogs at a krust: Boh thoofe bulls ot had'n th' lung'st hurns, an had'n bell't an rooart; an wur'n sitch kurst bulls O th' war, fort see too, wur'n oz fene oz anny.

Tum. Neaw, Whistle-pig, afore a part'n, I'll geh the' sum akeawnt ov a grete halebello, ov a kik up, I hyerd tother dey between a sartin parish Nabob, ot duz naw live a hunthurt mile eewt o' Lankefshur (ot's won o' thees inkonsistant foos) an an owd mon ot te kone a Jakobin.

Oz I wur stondink at Windy Kornar, I seed t'is owd mon gooa into th' Nabob's shop; thout I t' meh sel, thew'rt gooin a dunnink, for I knode ot th' Nabob owd him sum munny:---I I krope klose up to th' dur, for I'd a mind to hyer, an indeed I did hyer sitch a beawt ov argilink oz e ne'er did hyer afore, sum my neme wur Tum:---Th' owd mon fed, "I want sum munny;" th' Nabob fed, "Boh I ha' none for yoah." "Wha," fed th' mon, "Boh I mun ha sum, for I konna doo beawt. I'th' beginnink o' th' year

ninety-three, I kud ha' lien cawt o' twenty peawnd better thin cawt o' twenty shillink neaw; at t'at time I'd awlus between twenty an thirty gineys by meh; boh neaw, I naw so monny shillinks, an sumtimes naw so monny pennies i' th' heawse; boh I kud ha had oz mitch neaw, and mooar too, iv meh property had naw bin unjustly purloint away fro' meh." Th' Nabob breck cawt int' fitch a pashon, ot he fed, "G-d d--n it mon, yoar ever beginnink abeawt tis war." So, thout I t' meh fel, boh th' owd mon has thrut th' bell neaw.---Th' mon fed, "Ney, I ne'er neme't th' war."---Th' Nabob fed, "Boah I knoe whot yoar'n hintink at." Th' mon fed, "If th' kap fits yoah, yoah mey don it."

WH. Boah stop a bit Tum, whot's th' rees'n thinks tu, ot tees foak ot han bin so fond o' this war, an kod'n it just and neseffary, kud naw abide for t' hyeor it nemt?

TUM. Whah soon knone, bekofo the' had naw get the'r eend o'th French: Boah iv ever th' French koomn be th' wurr, wee'd'n bothor enough abeawt th' wa'r e feith, for ther' wur no sturink cawt o'th dur weh anny quietness, for peeosable mindot foak; for I're gooin' deawn Ash'n street won dey, an ther' wur sum news komn ot th' French wur'n byeat'n. an I met a mon above seventy yeor owd, and he slapt meh bith brest, an fed, "Neaw G--d D--n yoah for an owd Jakobin theef, ween give it yoah neaw." There wur a trew sample o' fo-

shal ordthur, and dooink onnur to his King and kuntry.

WH. Whah, I knew a mon ot livt e Steley wood, ot wur utterly aghen this war ot ween had, an that wur enough theaw noes for t' mak'im int' a Jakkobin: an he koom t' Ash'n won dey, a dooink fum arnts, soon afthur th' war wur begun, an he put up his hawse weh a red wot loyal fun o'th koolar, at th' fine oth Ward, and when he'r for gooink whom, he thout he kud paw boah hah summot t' drink, an he kode for a glafs o' brandy an watur, an ther' wur a too legt loyal kur, o' Billy Pitt's ith barr, an he fed to this mon, "heaw ar things gooink on neaw," "whah," said th' mon, "I hyeor nout particular;" "wha boah whot dun foak sey abeawt tis war," fed tis loyal lump ov ill manners," "whah," fed th' mon, "fum ar for it an fum ar aghen it;" "whah," fed tis Church an King foo, "boah whot dun yoah sey abeawt it," "whah," fed th' mon, "I think it had bin bethur let'n a looan," this lump of loyalty fell a d-mink 'im, an this brimstone whot loyal fun 'oth kok an th' barrel, fet in with 'im, an fwecar "he'd hah none fitch foak in his heaws," an slapt 'im bith' brest, an driv 'im ore th' table, an th' glafss o' brandy an watur wur shed, an this peeosable mindot mon wur fene t' pey for his glafs, an get his titeawt ot he kud get away weh his life; an this wur another true sample o' fosshal ordthur.

TUM. Whah neaw Whistle-pig, I'll let tey

see, ot teear humanity keeps pase weh the'r solhal ordthur. I knew a little twazzy too legt kur, ot belongt to Mr. Windy's kennel, ot kud hardly get porritch for his guts, or tloos to his bak, an wur like his meastur, ot wud hav o th' French "kilt off," an he'd hycord sum akeawnt ov a battle ot wur fout, o'th twenty-fifth ov August, e ninety siks, an th' French happ'nt for t' kome be th' wurr; an he sed "ther's sume bleffot news komn neaw iv pleeos God it 'ill boah proove trew:" "Eigh!" says a by-stonthur, "whot is it, "Whah," says this unfeelink loyalist, "th' French ar welly o kilt!!" There wur Church an King humanity, keepink pase weh loyalty if 'll gooah to th' prise on't.

WH. Neaw, Tum, I meeon for t' geh the' a pittifo akeawnt ov an owd mon ot livt e Feilsworth, ot wur so wiked ot wud naw let Pitt an kompany think for im, boah wud think for his sel, an that wur enough ot won time o'th day, for t' mak 'im int' a Jakobin, an for t' hav sum sum fort o' vengense, peawart deawn o'th hycod on him, be a kennel o' too legt kurs, o' Mr. Windy's, kept not a hunthort mile fro' th' fine o'th Blak Hawse, e Feilsworth. It hap'nt ot tis owd mon had a fun, ot went to Amereka, sum yeors before, an theaw mey beshure wur awlos fene fort t' hycor fro' im; an oz this kennel o' kurst kurs durst naw nip 'im ke th' beels be dey leet, they'r n rezolvt for t' worry 'im ith' dark. So they forg'nt a letthur, oz iv it wur komn fro Liverpool, an sed ot a rider-cawt had last it, an

wanted hom for t' get it to this owd mon. An th' letthur fed, he wur tayne very ill there, an they nam'nt th' street, an th' name o'th foak ot he'r weh dezirink his feathor for t' kome a seeink him; so this owd mod musthurt up sum money an set off, oz won shud a dun the'r sel; an thees unfeelink loyal whelps o' Mr. Windy's kennel, witheawt anny pitt'y, leet'n this ow'd mon, nee seventy yeor owd set off, leighink 'im to' skorn. Boah I kno whot owd Mr. Moses sez, for he sez, "kurfed is he that smiteth his nebor sekretly;" an let tes windy puppies mumble at tat, when they kome for t' dee, for iv it wur naw smitink 'im sekretly, it wur th' nekst dur too't. So this owd mon geet int' Liverpool, an fund th' street ot th' letthur tow'd on, an sperd o' abeawt for th' name o'th foak ot he'r fed for t' be with, boah no sitch foak wur'n t' be fund; so this owd mon wur fooarst kom whoam again e grete distrefs, booath e pocket, body, an mind, for it had line im e between twenty an thirty shillink. They sho'd'n me th' letthur, an I're so sorry, I kud hah fund e meh hart for t' a gan 'im a kreawn, boah this kurfed war had welly rewint meh, so ot I had it not e meh peawar. Boah fro o sitch prinsoples, an sitch praktises oz tes, good Lord deliver meh. Neaw, Tum, lets hyear heaw this Nabob an thee went'n on.

TUM. "Whah," th' Nabob fed, "Ther' had bin no war, iv it had naw bin for yoah, an sitch like." Th' owd mon fed, iv I'd fed so I shud ha tow'd a lye; le' me tell yoah, it wur yoah, an O

thoofe ot finet'nt for war ot wurn th' kaws on't.---  
 "Wha," fed th' Nabob, "an I'd fine for war, iv  
 it wur fort' doo agen." "Wha," fed th' mon,  
 "an yoah min, and fee whot yoan get by't."---  
 "Wha," fed th' Nabob, "an I ne'er loft nout by  
 't. Th' owd mon fed, "Marry, weel for yoah,  
 for iv yoah hannaw, monny a thoufant han; boh  
 I wud yoah'dn gi meh meh munny beawt fo mitch  
 adoo :--Th' laft time I geet ought on yoah, I loft  
 three hawve deys, Sundy, Tuedy, an Wed'n'-f-  
 dy."---"Wha," fed th' Nabob, "boh yoah  
 dunna rekk'n Sundy won, dun yoah?" "Yigh,"  
 fed th' mon, "boh I do, for I koom when year'n  
 juft gon to th' parrade, an I're fooarft t' heng  
 abeawt till noon, an geet nout when I'd dun."---  
 "Wha," fed th' Nabob, "an I'll gooah to th' par-  
 rade agen, for theaw mun knoe, he koes hisfel a  
 a farjent among theefe new trump up Allixan-  
 durs.

WH. Boh Tum, dus teaw think ot iv Bonni-  
 peeter had bin at th' Roy-kroft weh abeawt two  
 hundert Frenchmen at his heels, ot hee'd abin oz  
 reddy fort' a gethurt up his raddlink a meet-  
 ink him?

TUM. Now, be meh troth, I dunna think  
 hee wud :---Wud hee not ha bin wappink up  
 Steeley wood afore Bonnipeeter had gett'n to  
 th' krofs.

WH. Wha, not unlike, for when theefe he-  
 roik fuirs of Allixandur wur'n kode eawt fort'

tent a badjer's shop, e famin-square, the' mede'n but a durty jobb on't; for it wur nowt boh "foyar an run," an too ar three Saddleworth chaps beet'n 'em off weh a loyt pavink-stones.

TUM. Th' mon sed to th' Nabob, "Win yoah awnser meh a question or two? Whot did'n yoah fet cawt for i' th' beginnink o' this war?---Han yoah attaint onny won thing ot yoah sett'nt cawt for?'---Th' Nabob sed nowt of a gud while; boh i' th' eend, he sed, "Yoar an owd d--nt raskot." Th' owd mon sed, "an whot ammy an owd d--nt raskot for? I'm oz gud a mon oz yoah e anny shape, iv yoah'n howd yoar honds off meh:---Iv yoah'n proov yoar'el oz onnist a mon oz i've done hitherto throo life, it 'll doo weel for th' parish." Th' Nabob sed, "an I kon;" th' mon sed, "I wud yoah'dn fet abeawt it."

WH. I wunder where th' owd mon's breanc wur'n; I'd a axt him whether hee had naw hyerd ov a mon ot steel a snuff-box cawt ov another mon's pokkit, won Sundy oz he lee asleep ov a bed, at th' sine o' th' Beaver, i' Odenshaw, an whethur he did naw hyer ot hee took it to a Justis o' peecos, nine or ten mile off, bekose that sedishos wort Libberty wur written o' th' boks lid: He mit ha kode that mon a d--nt raskot, for it wur a raskotly trik..

TUM. Eigh, that's trew, boh theaw's hyerd

'em sey, ot sum foke had'n oz gud fort' stele a sheep, oz others t' look o'er th' hedge.

WH. Wha, I knoe ther' ar sum foke ot kon fee a verry little mote in anothur boddis ee, ot konna fee won e the'r own, iv it wur oz big oz a thrrippenny kabbitch.

TUM. Th' owd mon sed to th' Nabob, " an whot ammy an owd d--nt raskot for? I tell yoah, ot yoar a yung d--nt raskot, for koink meh so, witheawt yoah kon proov it." He'r sum time an sed nowt; boh i' th' eend, he said, " Its abeawt toofe shoone." So, thowt I t' meh sel, this owd mon has brokk'n sum shoe warehouse, or sum dev'lment or other, o'll kum eawt neaw, they'n hav im ith krib. Th' owd mon stickt up his finns, an sed, " Whot shone? I kno nowt abeawt no shoone."---" Wha," sed th' Nabob, " Thoofe ot wurn sent to th' French, hav e towd yoah neaw?" " Wha," sed th' mon, " Whot han yoah towd meh neaw? wur ther' onny hurt-e sendink a pair o' shoone to thoofe ot wurn barfeet, chuz whooa they wur'n' afore war wur deklairt?" Theaw mun kno, at tere wur ten theawfant pair o' shoone sent to th' French, afore th' war begun, an this mon had gan hawve-a-kreawn toart 'em, an I rekk'n th' Nabob had gett'n t' hyer on't.

WH. Whot fort ov a mon is tis Nabob, thinks ta', dus hee koe hiffel a Kristion, fort' mey that

int' a krime ot's a Kristion duty : For I're look-ink i'th' owd book, t'other dey, an I fund ot eawer gaete Kristion lawgiver sed, at thoofe ot had'n two kooats must'n gi' th' tone to sumbody ot wur beawt ; an I look't a bit fur, an fund ot owd Paul sed, ot iv eawer ennimy wur hungry, we must'n giv him summot t' ete ; an iv hee'r droy, we must'n giv him summot t' drink ; an beh this mode o' reeosnink, one wud think ther' wud be no hurt e sendink a pair o' shooone to thoofe ot wur'n barfut : Iv theese Church an Kingstoond-hyeds wud'n look at sich pleks oztees, an praktis a bit on 'em, it wud doo vrrey weel.

TUM. Th' Nabob sed, " Boh war wur deklairt e ninety-two," th' owd mon sed, " that's naw trew, for th' French King wur hyeddet o' th' twenty-furst o' Jennuary, ninety-three, an word koom to eawer Parlyment o' th' twenty-fort, an Shauvlin wur sent off o' th' twenty-eight, and he geet int' France i' th' beginnink o' February, an th' French deklairt'n't war soon astur, an *that's* true." An neaw, Whistle-pig, theaw mey be ihure ot tis seme Nabob must be an ignorant bladderhyed, or hee'd ne'er a tawkt a that'n ; for eawer state-gards wud'n ne'er a lett'n foke a releev't an ennimy i' th' opp'n war ; beside, I remember meh sel, ot too subskripshions, "*abeawer toofe shone*," wurn't quite klofe e ninety-two.

Boh th' owd mon sed fur, " It's kom'n to a pratty pass ot a boddy munna meean' e'm when hee's unjustly slogt." Th' Nabob sed, " yoah

may gooa to Amerika or France, wher yoah may be justly flogt." Th' mon sed, " as I pleeos for that, boh I've a reet be better use't e meh own kuntry, for onny hurt e don yoah."

WH. I tell the' whot Tum, one wud ha' thout ot th' post ot tey'dn put tis Nabob in, an th' leearnink ot hee pretends t' hav, shud ha' bred better manners thin t' ha' use't an owd mon a that'n.

TUM. Wha, that's trew, boh theaw's hyerd 'em sey ot it's a feaw life fort' mak a silk purse eawt ov a soo's-ear, an theaw kon ekspekt no mooar eawt ov a pig thin a grunt. Whot I meeon beh beink so partikular abeawt tis Nabob, is fort' sho whot fort' o' hodge-podge, churn-milk-an-wetur prinsopls hee howds, for hee's just like th' rest o' th' foos ot han no oppinnions o' the'r own; boh grunt'n after eawer nashonal pig-leaders, one dey for war, an another for peeofs; for they sen ot tis Nabob's heavse wur oz nee o ov a blaze weh kandles, that neet ot th' rejoisink wur for th' peeofs, oz anny boddis abeawt him: Sitch praktiles oz tees, gi'n his former prinsopls th' lye konfoundnedly, iv I've onny skill, or els hee's an arrant hippokrite: Heaw fort' rekonfile sitch kondukt weh konsistency, is a paradoks to mec.

WH. Paradoks! eigh, Mas, I think it is; for iv owd Solomon wur alive ogen, an i' th'

prime ov his time, it wud fet him fast; hee kud ne'er peepe theese two eends t'gether to onny sense.

TUM. Solomon! nough, nor forty Solomon's, weh o the'r hyeds lede t'gether kud'n ne'er mey owt o' fitch weatherkok, fawnink, krinjink, hypokritikal, fykofantine, fkeawndrils oz tees: Theh shud'n ne'er a won on 'em ha leet a kandle, with-ewt theyd'n axt pard'n booath o' God an mon, for o th' blud ot wur shed, an th' ruin ot wur browt uppo' th' nashon, an mede satisfakshon, oz far oz the'r'n able, to every won ot they'n parfikutet an abust; beside, oytch on 'em dooink pennanse in a white sheet, an puttink the'r fell i' th' nuse.

WH. Zeawns Tum, boh iv this fkeeam mun bee put e praktis, theaws lede eawt pratty weel o' wark for proktors an printers; they'n hav a row o' fat efeath. Boh won mey tawk abeawt 'em o dey, boh wee kon ne'er mend 'em, while meet o'erkoms rect.

TUM. Mend 'em! nough, I kno naw whether owd Nick wud mend 'em; boh I'll lose no mooar time abeawt 'em, for I mun gooa to meh loom.

WH. Wha, an I mun gooa too, or else owd Sonny o' Sims will be heear wi' th' baggink afore I stik't th' thoo i' th' gutter.

T. B. J. So these two breether of eawers  
part'nt; boh I thowt they'd'n lede Billy an his  
gang bare at th' root afore they'd'n done: Tum  
Grunt began t' groo warm toart th' latter end; I  
thowt his laft ipeech boh one, wur very hee  
fecoiz'nt; it had a good deool o' pepper and fawt  
in it; for,

Iv O theese kn—ves mun go to th' proktors,  
An tell the'r krimes to theese foul doktors;  
They'n bring 'em O to trew repentent;  
When-e'er they kom'n fort' pas the'r sentente:  
For theese blind guides will not be j kit,  
Boh mak 'em O t' repent i'th' pokkit;  
An' tell 'em O they shure ar sinners,  
An' hardly leov 'em owt for dinners:  
So, iv theese Ch——h an Roy——l foos  
Mun put thesels i' th' publick nuse.  
Ther's monny a bo thro'ea't this nashon,  
Weed bite his nails for meer veklathon,  
An' kurs booah Hawk' an M-after Otto,  
Sayink to um booath the devil fort O,  
For makkink peeofs wi' Bonnipeer,  
So neaw I'il eend meh klumfy meeter.

For, I'd naw rime other two lines, iv th' ward  
wur at th'stake, for fear o' thoofe boggarts ot  
owd Tim Bobbin tow'd on:--Boh I'm naw so  
feert o' thoofe tother boggarts, but I dar subskribe  
meh fel,

One o' Mr. Burk's Eighty Theawfant in-  
korrigible Grunters.

Dated this 21st of Nov. 1801.---From my owd  
original Stye, at 12 9 20 20 12 5 13 15 19 19,  
14 5 1 18 1 19 8 20 15 14  
21 14 4 5 18 12 25 14 5.

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FROM

# THE CHESTER CHRONICLE

OF MARCH 27, 1795.

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MEASTER PRINTUR,

*SUR,*

I Understond ot som unthoutso gobbin has sent yoah a Shuit Dumplink for th' Fast Dey, an' yoah stoad'n at it; heaw kud th' grete bledder-yed think ot yoah'dn ete Shuit dumplink, or onny think els oth' Fast Dey, so tikkle as times ar? Lord Blessus! wur he leyink a trap for yoah; boh sumetimes won noes nah whot yoah meeon' beh whot yoah sen, it mit happ'n be summot fort print, an' if it wur, I'd ha yoah t' beh carefo, for ewer foak at Lunnon ar very tikkle neaw a deys, won noes naw whot 'l doo, an yoah meh fanner get into th' Sedishon Tub, thin get eawt ogen; for yon's a Printur at Sheffilt has gett'n is tell int' a pratty hobble weh printink a sunk ot an owd Pas'n made at Belfast eh Oyreland; 'Sflesh won wud a thout ot a Pas'n shud a known better tha t'ha led onny boddy int' mischeef, for th' Printur is gett'n put eh pris'n for three munths, besides peyink twenty peawnd, an that's a droy shot for him I'm shure;—an neaw wee'r taw'kink abeawt thees things it unbethinks meh ov a chat ot I hyeard 'tother dey:—I went eawt an whoah shud I see boah owd Whistle-pig an Tum Grunt, taw'king politiks at

owd Sonny o' Sim's barn side; thout I t' meh fel I'll hyear whot yeah kon sey; so Whistle-Pig began an fed "I'll tell theh whot Tum, I wunder ot tey han naw try de owd Sam ov Elkenow's for that fedilthious chaptor in is furst book."—How theaw tawks mon, says Tum, "Hee's cawt o'ther Gate, for he's oth' tother side th' blue blankit, an has bin monny a yeer, hee cares nout abeawt 'em:—" "Wha," says Whistle-pig, "Theaw meh say ot Tum Payne's cawt o' ther gate, for hee's eh France, wheer theh dar'n naw tuch him, but they'n tryde is ritinks an theh sen ot te're naw fit t' bee eh onnyboddy's heawse, an ot noboddy mun reed 'm, and I think ot owd Sammy ov Elkenow's eight Chaptor is az il az anny o' Tum Pane's ritinks, for hee bekows King's an lets 'em deawn meetily, I wunder ot tey hanno pood it cawt o' th' book afore neaw,"... "Ho! ho!" says Tum, "Boah they'n ne'er do so, that'l be as il as leyink seege to Lambert Heawse, for iv theh wunce begin'n, sum'n find fort weh won think an sum weh another, ot tey'n hath th' owd book aw t' bits, and then it 'll beh whoo up weh th' black kooats efeath! for its whot tey liv'n by, for won on 'em meys won part t' doo an anothur meys anothur part t' doo, ot tey mey'n it aw t' fit sumboddy or other."

Says Whitstle-pig; "There's monny a srawnge pees i'th' owd book ot wee'n bin tawkink on, for I're lookink i'th' 37th an th' 38th chapters o' Jeremy, an I fund ot summot had flown rank between th' King o' Juda, an th' King o' Babylon, an owd Jeremy at tat time wur look't on as th' Hammel's skonse among 'em eh Juda, an theh koom'n to 'im for keawnfil, and he wur like B-----d and S-----e eh cawer dey, and fed it wud be th' best wey for t' mey peeofs, and tow'd 'em whot wud be th' end on't iv theh did'n naw, boh effid o' takkink it weel as tey shud 'n ha' dun, theh abus'n'tim.

an put'nt 'im ith' dungen, an iv th' Hebus Korpus Akt had bin set aside tere, as it is eh sum pleks, he mit ha' roted tere; boh they'd'n better t' ha teyn his keawnfil, for nout ot wur owt wur th' eend on't; and its weel iv it be anny better weh us, for wee'n sum Jeremys ot sen enough ogen this war ov eawrs, boh theh ne'er heed'n 'em. Boh as I're tellink theh they put'n 't him i'th' dungen an boh for a blakamoor he mit ha' steyd tere nob'dy noes heaw lung, for hee'd mooar masey toart him thin aw th' foak abeawt th' fitty, for he went to th' King an speek for him, and ley'd eawt his kefe so ot he geet him eawt, an he're more behowd'n to this blakamoor thin he wur to aw th' ribbins, flars, and gartes, abeawt the King's kooart,".... "Wha," says Tum, "Moor shawm for 'em ot a blakamoor shud ha mooar kempashon in him thin mouny a won ot think'n they'n so mich mooar sence, an ot blaks ar hardly humon kreturs, an fit for nowt boh t' beh bowt and soud like tits, az a deool ov eawer foak may'n a trade on; ....theese ar pitifo things when the're weel thout at...." Boah I mun gooah to my threshink," says Whistle-pig, "Wha," says Tum, "An I mun gooah to meh loom;" so theh part'n't, and I thout they d'n reeos'nt pratty weel, an sey ot tey'r'n nowt boh too o'th' owd Apostile o' St. Omer's Pigs.\*

Boh abeawt tis Fast Dey, Measter Printur, dun yoah think ot tey meeon'n for t' ley in a fitok o' gud fortin ogen neks Summor, beh flatterink ther Meker, int' pard'nership weh em? Boh I think the'r rathur chettink 'im ov a dey, for yoah nown ot th' forty deys eh Lent ar Fast Deys awreddy, an as tey'n awdert it, tis is won on 'em, witheawt ot tey'n a fur thowt in't, and think'n ot Fast uppo' Fast will ha' mooar weight weh Him. Boh what dun yoah think ot tey'n shiftet it fro' Friday to th' Wed'nsday for?.... Too oth' last yeers it has bin o'

\* F....d B....e, it is said, received his education at St. Omer's, in France.

th' Friday, dun yoah think ot tey'r a bit-noshunable like  
 owd pooar Robbin abeawt lunny or unlunny deys, an  
 ot Friday's won on 'em, bekose it has naw awnsert  
 ther eend ?

Boh ogen, whot dun yoah think is th' reeos'n ot th'  
 Skotch an huz konnaw booath fast ov a dey ?....Dun  
 theh think ot ther Meker is like th' owd hump back't  
 Skoomester at Owdum, ot keudnaw hyeor too lads at  
 wunse ?....Won hopes we'en a bettur kaws beh th' eend  
 thin wee had'n ith' Merrikin war eggoddil, or I'm feart  
 wees'n lose th' eend as we did'n then, for wee'd'n Fast  
 uppo' Fast, an geet'n nowt eendwey : Won yeer th'  
 Merrikins an huz wur'n fastink booath at wunse,  
 they'r'n pooink at t'one eend an weer'n pooink at  
 t'other, as hard as o kudd'n nazz, an sum foak won-  
 dert'nt whooa must be hyerd, boh it wurseen ith' eend,  
 for theh o'erpood'n hus ; wee meh fast an prey as lung  
 as o win, boh witheawt wee bin more ov a peece thin  
 sum on zs ar' it'll naw meen mich I deawt, for there's  
 a pas'n ot lves not a hunthurt mile fro' Manchester, ot  
 gus to th' Church oytch Sundy an says, " Give Peace  
 in our Time O Lord !" An th' dey after gets a cok-  
 kade in his hat, as big as a butter print, an gus weh  
 sojurs o listink foak's lads, an wimmin's husbands !  
 dus naw this leed directly to War ? Lord blessus !  
 whot dust mon think at ? dus hee naw doo mooar Hurt  
 o'th' Mundy weh is aksions thin he duz gud o'th' Sun-  
 dy weh e preyink ?....I kud sey a grete decol mooar  
 abeawt 'em, boh I'm secart o' wearink your peshunce,  
 besides I mun gooa t' meh dressink, for I've a gud decol  
 t' doo.

I am, Measter Printur,  
 Like th' mooast o' me Breether o'th' Style,  
 A greter Luvver o' Feastink thin Fastink  
 PORKARIA, FEB. 28,  
 1795.

FROM  
THE SAME

OF JULY 31, 1795.

LIBERTY IN LIMBO.

A PERSON, near Ashton-under-Lyne, having a snuff-box, with the seditious word LIBERTY engraved upon it, a certain pig-tail'd prig of the parish, being endowed with more loyalty than honesty, very gravely picked the man's pocket of the said box, and, out of zeal to his King and country, delivered this seditious receptacle for nose powder to a certain Justice of the peace, who is somewhat more distinguished for furious loyalty than strong intellect. What greatly contributed to enhance the crime, with these sedition-hunters, was, that the man to whom the box belonged was a constable, and consequently a king's officer..... The man was summoned to appear at ....., before a bench of Justices on....., where being called upon, he answered to his name, when an examination to the following purport took place, which I shall attempt to give, as near as I can, in the true Rochdale idiom:

Just. Hark the' kunstable duz teaw tey snuff?

Con. Eigh fur sumtimes.

Just. Kud e get a pinch with the' thinks ta?

Con. Yigh that yoah sha'n, iv e hav' onney.

So the man searched his pockets, expecting to find a little in a paper (having had no box for near a week, and little expecting to meet with it there, eight or ten miles from home) but in this first attempt to oblige the sapient Justice, he was

disappointed, for, alas! he found neither snuff-box nor snuff-paper, on which he said I have none fur, or yoah ihud'n ha had fum.

Just. Will t' kom a bit nàrr, an lemme feel i' the' pokkit, for iv theaw teys snuff theaws a box I war'nt tey. So he goes forward, and his worship, under pretence of searching for the box, conjurer like, contrives to leave it in his pocket.

Just. Will t' mey a bit moor labor abeawt tat box for I thout I fel'd summot hard i' the pokkit. So the man put his hand into his pocket, where his worship's sedition-hunting fist had just come from, and found the box, on which he said, I ha' fund won neaw fur, boah I had non afore year hond koom theear.

Just. Wil t' lets look at 't? So the man gave it to him.

Just. Theaw's a strawnge wort o' th' box for a mon o' thy plek, duz theaw think ot theaw'rt fit to be a Kunstable? e prithy hooa fweer the' in?

Con. Wha, Mr. W....., fur.

Just. I'll speke too 'im t' nere mey thee a Kunstable ogen.

Con. That 'll naw do mey mich hurt.

Just. Boh has naw theaw a plek e leofs under Lord S-----?

Con. Yigh a bit o' won fur.

Just. Boh I'll speke to him t' ne'er leofs wel thee ogen, for theaw 'rt not fit t' be heear; so I'd ha the' t' fell whot t' has e this kuntry, an' pey the' detts, an get obeawt tey bizzness.

Con. Wha fur iv my money 'll naw gooa fur thin year tung, I'm like t' be beawt plek.

Just. Boh e prithy wheear did teaw leet o' this box?

Con. Wha, a mon e Ash'en mede it mey.

Just. Whot did t' give him for 't?

Con. Two shillink fur.

Just. Wha hee's sum raskot like th' fell, or hee'd ne'er a mede a box like this for two shillink ; prithy whot's his neme ?

Con. I'll naw tell yoah fur.

Just. Yoah 're too raskots I'll uppoud yoah, I've a good mind t' brun it.

Con. Wha, your like t' do as yoah win abeawt tat ; boh it's my box an' I pey'd for 't.

Just. Will teaw brun it ?

Con. Now, I'll naw brun it.

Just. Then I'll fine the' e five pound, for naw komink hither t' other day when t' shud ha don.

Con. Wha, yoah mey doo as yoah win abeawt tat too ; but I'll naw brun my box.

Just. Look ye gemmen, hee as that fedishous wort LIBERTY written ov is box, is hee fit t' bee a kunstable ? Mun's brun it ? Upon which another sapient son of the bench said, Surs I'd ha yoah to be karefo whot yoah 're abeawt, for iv yoah brun 'n this box, that mon I'll bee oth top on uz, so I'd ha yoah t' give 't im ogen. When his worship who had been his chief examiner said, heear tak it tey an' lets be shut on the' an' kom no mooar heear, for theaw 'rt a raskot I'll uppoud tey.

By this time the affair was blown over the town, and a great concourse of people was collected before the door of the public-house, and the constable, being anxious about his own safety, in-

sisted on one of their worships conducting him through the crowd, reasonably supposing, that if they had been instrumental in raising the Devil, it was their business to lay him at rest. Then one of them very kindly conducted him through the town, when his worship said, dost think ot kon dgo neaw?---C. No, yoah shannaw lecov mey while there's three foke t'gether, beside I mun ha mey tit. Ne'er heed tey tit, mon, said the Justice, so ot teaw kon geet lese cawt o' th' teawn, I'l send it after theh. So his worship left him, and poor Mr. Constable was fain to get away without his horse, and walked booted and spurr'd, with whip in his hand, jockey-like, six or seven miles before his horse overtook him.

Thus poor Liberty, and Mr. Constable, very narrowly escaped, the one with his life from the swinish multitude, the other from being condemned to the flames by their sedition-hating worships on the bench.

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FROM

## THE MANCHESTER GAZETTE

OF MARCH 5, 1796.

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MEASTER PRINTUR,

YOAHH knone ot abeawt tis time twelmunt, wen year'n at Chester, I kawshunt yoah abeawt printink anny think ot wud nettle eawr grete foke at Lunnon, bekose times wur'n so tikkle; boh I think eh meh guts ot tey'r lunger an' t'wur, for they'n hardly beh lookt at neaw, eh sum pleks.-- Yoah knone I towd yoah it wur yeasier fort' tumble into th' Sedishon tub thin t' stride eawt ogen. But whot ta dule dun yoah think ! boh yon' sap-yed ov a printur at ----- has tumbelt into sum fort ov a tub agen : Breawns mon, its not a twelmunt sin he koom eawt o' pris'n afore, for printink an owd Oyerish Pa's'ns sunk, an neaw the' sen hee's gett'n in agen, for vexink sum mak ov a chap ot wears a rastikratikal liv'ry kooat : bith wuns ! boh I'de ha' teyn kare t'ha held off thoofe fort o' kattle, or I'de ha seen whot had sticket on't : Odds flesh, I'de naw kum within th' length ov a barbor's pow on 'em, ive he kud shun 'em : Sum sen ot th' printur pood 'a feaw

faze at 'im oz hee'r gooink by th' shop dur ; sum  
 fen ot hee'r pissink ot th' woah side, an' unluk-  
 kily breck wint bakkart as th' felley went by 'im ;  
 other foke agen fen, ot when thoofe raskots wur'n  
 shot at -----, ot th' printur put summot i' th'  
 nuse ot charg't this chap weh being guilty o'  
 massakre or sum sitch like wort, ot tis fly-bith'-  
 sky thout had sum spitefoo meeanink, an verry  
 likely it wur summot o' this sort ot disgruntl't  
 this nue trump't up Allixandur. Boh its no mat-  
 tur, o' seyink mitch abeawt 'im ; boh won mey  
 thump it o' thinkink. Neaw meastur printur, I  
 kud like yoah t' gith' Manchester Thinkink Klub  
 a bit ov a hint, ot next time ot tey meet'n fort'  
 think reet seawndly abeawt it, whether shootink  
 thoofe poor raskots wur massakre or naw, an' iv  
 theh think'n it wur, whether iv sum Jakobin had  
 bin guilty o' th' like in az gud a kaws, ot sum foke  
 wud'n not ha kode him a krimfon-mindet skeawn-  
 dril.

Boh when aw's fed an' done, I'm sooary abeawt  
 tis printur, for monny a weel meeanink mon mey  
 be lett'n in neaw theese two Lunnon Bills ar'  
 kom'n cawt ; boh won thinks hee'll be karefoo  
 for th' time t' kome, for they'n lede pratty weel  
 o' weight on 'im neaw, for I understond hee mun  
 be a kompanyon for th' lads e limbo, for siks  
 munths, an pey thirty peawnd : an so its verry  
 like ot veksink this chap koom to ten peawnds  
 mooar thin printink an owd pas'n's sunk ; beside  
 he mun ha' threc munths mooar heawse reawm  
 neaw. thin hee had afore : For th' last job hee

boh pede twenty peawnd, an' wur boh three munths e limbo ; boh theese ar' droy shots heaw-e'er, when theh kom'n uppo poets an' printurs oz weel oz other foke. Boh new meastur printur, whot dun yoah think hee mun be don weh when he komes eawt o' th' kribagen ? Sumbody mun be bund with 'im for two year ; an' hooa tha' dule dun yoah think will theese tikkle times ? For I think it wud set Sittiz'n Avery o'th' rang eend fort' invent muzzils ot wudd keep this mon streight i'th' geers, for he mit muzzil 'im booath frunt an' rear, beside makkink 'im t' wear th' hond kufst, or I deawt hee'd bee eh sum mischief theese tikkle times.

Boh, when aw jestink's said an' dun, th' worst ot I wish th' printur is, ot hee mey live up to th' eears eh rost beef an' plum puddink weh a pot o' gud breawn ele, awlus at is elbo, an' a pipe o bakko, weh an onnist frend t' speke too, for fix munths ; an' when hee kums eawt, I'de hay' 'im t' be karefo, boh bite oz nee th' whik oz hee dar.

I am, measter printur,

Yoar frend an' weel wisher,

WON O'TH' GRUNTINK HEED.

*Porkaria*, Feb. 20th, 1796.

## FROM THE SAME

OF SEPT. 3, 1796.

## PICTURE OF MODERN LOYALTY.

Two persons in the neighboured of Ashton under Lyne, remarkable, according to outward professions, for their flaming zeal in supporting the cause of—*Kings and Princes*, versus *Ragamuffins and Jan Culottes*, kept each a dog of the name of *Prince*, previous to the month of July last, one an English spaniel, subject, by the late act, to a tax of 5s.; and the other a small cur, subject to a tax of 3s. a year.—Now, strange to tell! these vehement supporters of Royalty rather than contribute such small sums as the above mentioned, to the *very best of Princes*, towards carrying on this *just and necessary War*, took it into their heads, on Sunday the third of last month, to hang each his household prince—One would think the very name itself sufficient to have palsied their hands in the regicidal attempt, but a circumstance, which happened at the execution of prince spaniel, seems to indicate that tho' the bow-string may be well enough adapted for the dispatching of *subjects* in Turkey, it will not have quite so sure and certain an effect on some *princes*; for the aforesaid prince spaniel, having hung the usual time, was taken down, and laid on the ground, while his executioner fell to digging a grave—this Jack Ketch Sexton had not been many minutes at work, but on turning his head aside, he found to his no small surprise, that his Highness had risen up and walked off some paces, and was eyeing the grave digging operation with a very inquisitive look, on which the operator broke out into the following exclamation:—"O damn thee prince, art teaw whick'nt again? I find I began at rang wark turst, boh I'll be a match for thi-

for I'll be like th' owd woman, when hoo set Jannocks ith' oon, ot clâpt up th' oon stone oz soon oz hoo'd done, for fear'd on 'em runnink eāwt ogen, for I'll mey th' hole reddy afore ot eh tee the' up ogen." Which he accordingly did, and poor Prince was executed a second time, and buried as speedily as possible, to prevent the disagreeable consequences of a resuscitation.

## FROM THE SAME

OF NOVEMBER 22, 1795.

### ENOCH DISGRACED.

**A** BRIMSTONE hot, loyal son of the forge, commonly called a blacksmith, at Stayley Bridge, near Ashton-under-lyne, (being stimulated more by interest than idleness) lately erected an instrument on the opposite side of his anvil, to which he gave the name of Enoch, which was to do the duty of a fellow-labourer, by assisting him in turning horse-shoes, and doing other strong work. And as the nature of this one arm assistant required neither meat, drink, washing, nor even a bed to lie down upon, honest Vulcan promised to himself no small advantage. All things being now ready, in order to try the operation he puts a piece of iron into the fire, and pours forth a copious blast of wind, sufficient to have supplied all the bagpipes in Scotland to play the *Reels of Bogy* for a fortnight. After about ten minutes nod and puff, the smith takes the iron from the fire, and lays it upon the anvil and by the up of a trade, Enoch instantly obeyed the signal; when unfortunately the blacksmith holding his head rather too low, honest Enoch struck his master full in the face; which unfortunate stroke threw poor Vulcan upon his back: after lying a few minutes he reco-

vered himself a little, and presented a most frightful spectacle ; the gnomon of his face stood awry, all besmeared with crimson gore.

As soon as he recovered the use of his speech, he broke out into this exclamation, " G—d damn thee, Enoch, boh I'll gi' thee theh bonds; theaws soon gett'n shut o' thy prentyship weh meh ; thoofe mey tey theh ot win, for I'll ha no moro o' thy farvis."

Thus poor Enoch, fell under irretrievable disgrace, at the time he was yielding implicit obedience to the dictates of his master.

## FROM THE SAME

OF MARCH 12, 1796.

### ANECDOTE.

IT is related of old Doctor Clayton, the celebrated water-caster, in this country, that it was usual with him to admit his patients into that part of the house where an arch servant girl was about her business, there to wait their turn to approach the sage disciple of Galen. It happened one morning a number of persons from different parts were got together discoursing what their business was, where they came from, &c. &c. One man said his wife had fallen down stairs, and had been poorly ever since. The servant girl on hearing this, immediately acquainted the Doctor with this circumstance. When it was this man's turn to come before him, he says, " here Doktor I browt yoah meh wiv's weatur t' look at...any person who had the opportunity of hearing the Doctor, knew him to be as rusticated

in his dialect as any of his patients. After pouring out the water, and looking a few minutes at it consequentially, he said, "Why mon the' wife has fown deawn steers I see!" "Eigh!" says the man "han yoah fund tat eawt!" iv yoah kon tell that, yoah kon tell heaw monny steps hoo fell down." The Doctor takes up the phial of water again, and turning it two or three times about opposite the window, said, "Wha mon the' wife mit as weel o' bin kilt, hoos fown deawn a dozen steps I find!" "Wha," says the man, "yoar vere faws\*, boah oz faws oz yoah ar, yoa'n mist it, for hoo fell deawn fifteen!" "Wha," says the Doctor, "did teaw bring O th' wetur?" "Nough," says the man, "I flat a little sope eawt, ot Bot'l wud naw houd," "Ho, ho!" says the Doctor, "that's tha very thing, weh thee doink so, theaw threw thoos three steps away!"

\* Cunning.



# GLOSSARY.

## A.

Abeawt, about  
Akkeawnt, account  
Aks, axe  
Akts, acts  
Argilink, arguing  
Asho, Asia  
Att, at it  
Attaint, attained  
Awhoam, at home  
Awlos, always  
Awnsor, answer  
Awtrekashon, alteration  
Ax, ask; pret. ax'nt.

## B.

Bakort, backward  
Baws'n, burst  
Beawt, without  
Beet'n, beat  
Bekoink, becalling, villifying  
Bekoze, because  
Belung'nt, belonged  
Bledderyed, blockhead  
Bo', beau  
Boah, but  
Bothom, bottom  
Boyh, buy  
Breant, brains knocked out  
Breawn, brown  
Brenes, brains  
Breethur, brothers  
Bridneezink, seeking birds'-  
    nests  
Brunt, burnt or burned  
Byeat'n, beaten

## C.

Chonse, chance  
Churn-milk, butter-milk  
Chuz, chuse, or let it be ever  
    so much

## D.

Deawn, down  
Deeof, deaf

Decoeth, death  
Deskribt, described  
Doff, to put off, or do off  
Don, to put on, or do on  
Droyve, drive  
Dubb'nt, bubbled, cut shorter  
Dunnaw, do not

## E.

Eawers, ours  
Eawt, out  
Eend, end  
Eigh, yes  
Eigh! interjection or surprise,  
    meaning, "Is it so?"  
Ektpekt, expect  
'Em, or hom, them  
Etsmidink, dunghill

## F.

Farrantlier, better, more ho-  
    norable, from fair and clean  
Feath, faith  
Feawly, foully, from foul  
Feightink, fighting  
Fene, fain glad  
Flaskart, struggled  
Flire, fleer, or laugh  
Flogt, flogged  
Foak or foke, folk  
Fone, fallen, from fall  
Fooarft, forced  
Forrod, forward  
Fort, fault  
Fort', for to  
Fotto, fetch you  
Foyar, fire,  
Furr, further

## G.

Gajer, gauger, one who gauges  
Gam, game, or sport  
Geawse, guess  
Gethurt, gathered  
'E God'snum, in God's name,  
    according to Nature

## GLOSSARY.

Greathly, rightly, truely, properly

Gooah, go

Groo, grow

Guthur, a small drain

H.

Had'n, had

Halliballoo, clamorous, dispute, or uproar

Han, have

Hannaw, have not

Hark'nink, hearing, or harkening

Hawse, horse

Hawve, half

Heaw, how

Heawns, hounds

Heawse, house

Heear, here, in this place

Hodge-podge, confused mixture

Ho, hall

Hoo, she

Hoo'd, she had

Hoo're, she was

Hout-te-beth-woes, hold-thee-by-the-walls

Hoyd, hide, the skin

Hyeddet, beheaded

Hyeorink, hearing

Hyew'd, hewed

I. & J.

Jannoks, loaves made of oatmeal

Jorum, an undefined quantity

Im, him

Inneaw, by and by

I're, I was

Iv t' must, if thou must

K.

Kerfms, Christmas

Kerfunt, christened

Kewart, cured

Kloos or tloos, clothes

Klemt or tlemt, starved, pinched by hunger

Klumfy, aukward, clownish, or clumsy

Knode, knéw

Kode'n, called

Koc cawt, call out

Koink, calling

Kon, can

Konnaw, cannot

Konshonse, conscience

Konsithurt, considered

Koem or Koom'n, came

Korner, corner, or angle

Kose, cause

Krak, an instant of time

Kratcken, conceit, or scheme

Kreawn, crown

Krope, crept

Kross, angry

Kry'd or kryd'n, cried

Kud, could

L.

Lant, urine

Leearnink, learning

Leef, rather

Leighink, laughing

Lekturink, lecturing

Letherhyeds, blockheads

Letthur, letter

Liket', forced

Likkor, liquor

Likker, more likely

Lob, to prison, or destruction

Loyt, few

M.

Maut, malt

Meastur, master

Meawth, mouth

Meddel'nt, meddled

Meean, to complain

Meenv, many

Meeon, intend, or have a meaning

## GLOSSARY.

Meet, might as well  
 Meh, my  
 Min, may  
 Mitchwhot, almost  
 Mitt'n, might or could  
 Monyoah or monny, many  
 Mukmiddink, dunghill  
 Mun, must  
 Munnaw, must not

### N.

Nashon, nation  
 Naw, not  
 Neaw, now, at this time  
 Nebors, neighbours  
 Nee, nigh  
 Nipe, trick or wile  
 Noan, none  
 Now or nough, no  
 Nowt, nought

### O.

Oathur, either  
 O' or ov, of  
 O'erksom, overcomes  
 Okashon, occasion  
 O, all  
 Olung, through, or by reason of  
 Oon, oven  
 Op'nt, opened  
 Ordthurt, ordered  
 Ordthur, order  
 Or or tat, that  
 O'that'n, in that manner  
 Owd, old  
 Owt, any thing  
 Oytch, each, or every

### P.

Parfekutet, persecuted  
 Pashonse, patience  
 Peawar, many  
 Peawart, poured down  
 Peawnd, pound  
 Peeos, peace  
 Pecosable, peaceable  
 Pelink, beating or striking

Pleks, places  
 Poke, a small bag  
 Pooink, pulling  
 Pratty, pretty  
 Profes'nt, professed  
 Put'nt, put

### R.

Rabblement, rabble  
 Raddlink, a staff, or pike  
 Raskot, rascal  
 Reawm, room  
 Reawnd, round  
 Reeam, cream  
 Reeos'n, reason  
 Reeos'nink, reasoning  
 Reet, right  
 Rekk'n, suppose  
 Releevt, relieved  
 Right th' botham, reached to  
 the bottom

Rook, heap or cluster,

### S.

Sarr, forer, or much more  
 Seawterhyed, blockhead, or  
 dunce  
 Sek, sack  
 Shawm, shame  
 Sheawt, shout  
 Sheeads, surpasses  
 Shiftet, removed  
 Shoone or thune, shoes  
 Shud'n, should  
 Shue, shovel or spade  
 Sin or sun, since  
 Skawd n, scalded  
 Skufes, excuses  
 Sojurs, soldiers  
 Sosiaшон, association  
 Speid, enquired  
 Start'nt, started, or first set out  
 Steel, stole  
 Ston'n, stud  
 Stoodhyeds, blockish, stupid  
 fellows

## GLOSSARY.

Stroakink, rubbing  
 Subskripshion, subscription  
 Summot, something  
 Swallot, swallowed  
 Swapt, exchanged  
 Swecar, swore

### T.

Ta'en to th' dur, taken to the  
 door, surprised  
 Takink, taking  
 Takst, taxed  
 Tawkink, talking  
 Tayne, taken  
 Teres, there is  
 That'n, that manner  
 Theaw'd, thou would  
 Theaws, thou has  
 Theawfant, thousand  
 The'rn or tey'rn, they were  
 Therfels, themselves  
 They'd'n or tey'd'n, they had  
 They'n, they have  
 Thrung, busy  
 Tleevink, cleaving  
 Toar on, just keep alive  
 Toose, those  
 Towd, told  
 Toyart, tired, fatigued  
 Treeos'n, treason  
 Trubbl't, troubled  
 Twazzy, ill-natured, snappish  
 Twinink, Twisting

### U.

Unekspektet, unexpected  
 Uthurs, others.

### W.

Wammo, weak or faint  
 Wappink, fleeing off in haste  
 Waid, world

Warty, week day, not Sunday

Waukink, walking  
 We' or weh, with  
 Wee'd'n, we had  
 Wee'n, we will, or, we have  
 Wee're, we are  
 Weh'im, with him  
 Weh'em, with them  
 Welly, well nigh, almost  
 Wha, well  
 Whewink, waving loosely  
 Whooa or whooah, who  
 Whot, hot  
 Whats, what is  
 Whik, alive, lively  
 Wheel, whole  
 Winnow, will not  
 Winthurs neet, Winter's night  
 Worcht, worked  
 Wough an pees, a few yards  
 of a weaver's warp  
 Wud'n, would  
 Wunse, once  
 Wunthurs, wonders  
 Wur'n, were  
 Wur'n, were  
 Wutt-cakes, cakes made of  
 oat-meal

### Y.

Yeawlink, howling  
 Yigh, yea  
 Yoah, you  
 Yoah'd'n, you would  
 Yoah'n, you will  
 Yoarfel, yourself  
 Yurope, Europe

### Z.

Zeawns, zounds

FINIS.

COWDROY, PRINT.







